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OMAR OMAR

-After four strikes running

— when the boy is setting them up again — and you feel strong—and the other fellow thinks he'd better brace up—and you know you've got his number—and want to look unconcerned—and the aroma of a cigarette tastes sweetest—

Try Omar Aroma OmarOmar spells **Aroma**

The very name is redolent with aroma. For Omar is the aromatic blend of 13 kinds of rich Turkish and 6 of ripe domestic tobaccos—which make the perfect Turkish blend.

These aromatic tobaccos, mixed in a sterilizing cylinder of burnished copper through which white clouds of superheated steam are forced, blend into one perfect Omar aroma; then rightly graduated cooling seals in the perfect Aroma.

And there Omar aroma is sure to stay—until some time when a cigarette is sure to taste the sweetest—you try Omar—perhaps *just after four strikes running* or some other time when keen good taste insists that only Omar's aroma can make a cigarette taste sweetest.

*Aroma makes a cigarette
They've told you that for years*



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OMAR

CIGARETTES

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Where Solomon Beat Germany

KING SOLOMON in the Bible narrative was highly praised by the Lord, because, when invited in a dream to ask for something, he asked neither for riches, nor for long life, nor for the lives of his enemies, but begged of the Lord "an understanding heart to judge Thy people that I may discern between good and bad." He got the understanding heart, and the Lord threw in the riches and honor that he had not prayed for.

How different has been the course of the Germans, who enlisted their "gott" to give them riches and the lives of their neighbors, and never bothered about having an understanding heart.

Now, as a consequence, they understand nothing outside of Germany, confuse good and bad with horrible consequences, and after a stupendous struggle to beat and rob all creation, find themselves poured over with contempt and dishonor and riveted to poverty for years to come.

An understanding heart! That is the priceless possession. Germany not only has not had it, but has not known it was worth having. She looked out on the world and said: "What need to understand that rabble? It is for them to understand me. What I know is knowledge. I am going to teach them all, and charge them all a proper fee."

So she opened her dreadful school and sent its masters out for pupils. And now, after four years of it, the pupils are trying to teach her the rudiments of civilization. But it goes hard. Even now, after all the reactions of a ferocious discipline; after battle, murder, want and sudden death, she has not an understanding heart, nor yet knows good from bad, but only wonders what she neglected that she has not won.



HIS BIT



Photograph by
Walter Scott Shinn

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The Fighting Roosevelts

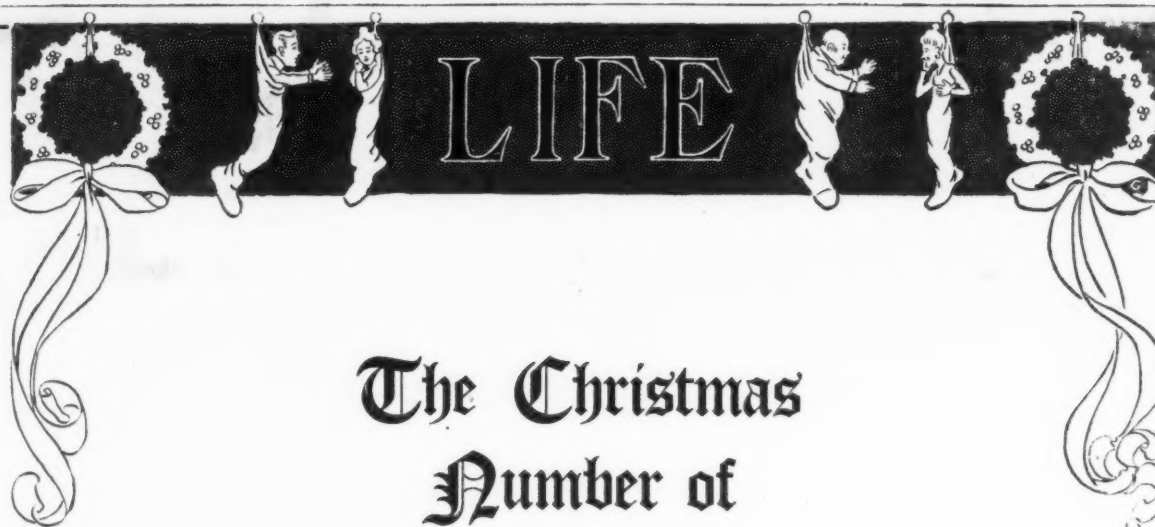
The world thinks it knows Theodore Roosevelt. And yet the fierce white light which beats upon Roosevelt the former President has failed to reveal to the public that Roosevelt who is the father of four of Pershing's crusaders;—that Roosevelt who has drained the bitter cup of sacrifice through the serious wounds of two of his lads and the death in battle of his youngest son.

"ROOSEVELT AND HIS BOYS," by Philip Thompson, is the most intimate view of "THE FIGHTING ROOSEVELTS" that has ever been written. This authentic, appealing article is one of a score of brilliant features awaiting you in—

November
McCLURE'S

TWENTY CENTS THE COPY

ALL NEWS-STANDS



The Christmas Number of Life

is now in joyous process of preparation. Meanwhile what are you going to give those you love for Christmas? If you are on the battle line, ordinary shopping is not in the day's work. If you are working in the home trenches, ordinary shopping is no longer ordinary, but like an obstacle race against time. Why not send *Life* as your Christmas gift? The sooner we get your order the more certain that *Life* will go forward at the right moment. To insure the recipient getting the Christmas number, subscriptions should be received at this office not later than December first. If requested in the order with the subscription we will send to the recipient a handsome Christmas card. State when the subscription is to begin in sending check to

Life

Extracts from Letters Received from the Front

"A friend asked you to send *LIFE* to me, and perhaps this friend would like to renew the gift. Look through your files and find the name. I might add that *LIFE* is the most popular bit of sunshine we have over here."

"Can you, by hook or by crook or any other way, manage to get a few of your many subscribers to send a poor pill-roller a couple of back numbers of your famous dispenser of blues? You might put an ad. through, entitled, 'Win the War by Sending *LIFE* to the Boys.' . . . I have four copies of *LIFE*, and I know every joke and picture in them by heart, and I would like to have an opportunity of reading about forty more."

(Note by Editor: The first of these was received on a postal card. The second, written on Y. M. C. A. paper, had the endorsement, "O. K., Captain ———." These letters are being constantly received at *LIFE* office.)

The One Christmas Gift

that can be sent the boys overseas; thousands of copies go each week. To American Expeditionary Force men \$5 a year, if no local foreign address be given.

Enclosed find five dollars (Canadian, \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04). Send *LIFE* for one year to

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 65
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

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Boston, Mass., one of America's leading diamond importers, and save 20 to 40 per cent on retail jeweler's prices.

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1 Carat, \$95.00

This genuine 1 carat diamond is of fine brilliancy and perfectly cut. Mounted in Tiffany style 14k. solid gold setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate it for less than \$125. Our price direct to you..... **\$95**



Ladies' Solid White Gold Diamond Ring, \$285.00

This ring is made of solid white gold, duplicating the beauty of platinum, it is richly carved and pierced in the new lace work effect. Set with perfectly cut, blue-white diamond. Money refunded if it can be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$350.00. Our price..... **\$285**



Men's Diamond Ring, \$330.00

Perfectly cut blue-white diamond mounted in 14k. solid gold new style octagon setting. Money refunded if your jeweler can duplicate ring for less than \$400.00. Our price..... **\$330**

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied
We refer you as to our reliability to any bank or newspaper in Boston

If desired, rings will be sent to your bank or any Express Co. with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

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This catalog is beautifully illustrated. It tells how to judge, select, and buy diamonds; how they are mined, cut and marketed. This book, showing weights, sizes, and prices (\$10 to \$20,000), is considered an authority. A copy will be mailed to you FREE on receipt of your name and address.

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The War Profiteer

If you want a receipt for that Pink of Iniquity,
Known to the world as a War Profiteer,

Take certain rogues from the roll of antiquity,

Or from the lists of a more recent year.

Take all the guile of a Judas Iscariot,
Will of a Kaiser and bluff of Doc.

Cook;

Dynamic force of a Juggernaut chariot,
Going-on powers of Tennyson's Brook.

Shrewd, clever schemes that are quite Machiavellian,

Bullying traits of a Jonathan Wild;
Plundering bent of an old Circumcelion,

Innocent smile of a cherubic child.

Powers of Red Ridinghood's Wolf for rapacity,

Of Ananias for ready mendacity,

Charlatan arts of a real Rosicrucian,
False prophecies of a Boodh or Confucian;

Shylock and Scrooge, apostles of greed,
Benedict Arnold and William M.

Tweed;

Take of these elements all that is fusible,

Mix them all up in a pipkin or crucible;

Set it to simmer and then let it clear
And the scum you take off is the War Profiteer!

Carolyn Wells.

Two young physicians in a Western city, who were struggling to get a foothold in their profession, met one day and exchanged views touching things of interest. Presently the talk turned to the last case one of them had handled.

"Yes," remarked the young medico, "the operation was just in the nick of time. In another twenty-four hours the patient would have recovered without it."

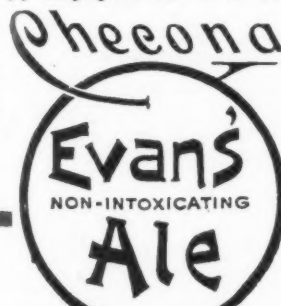
—Argonaut.



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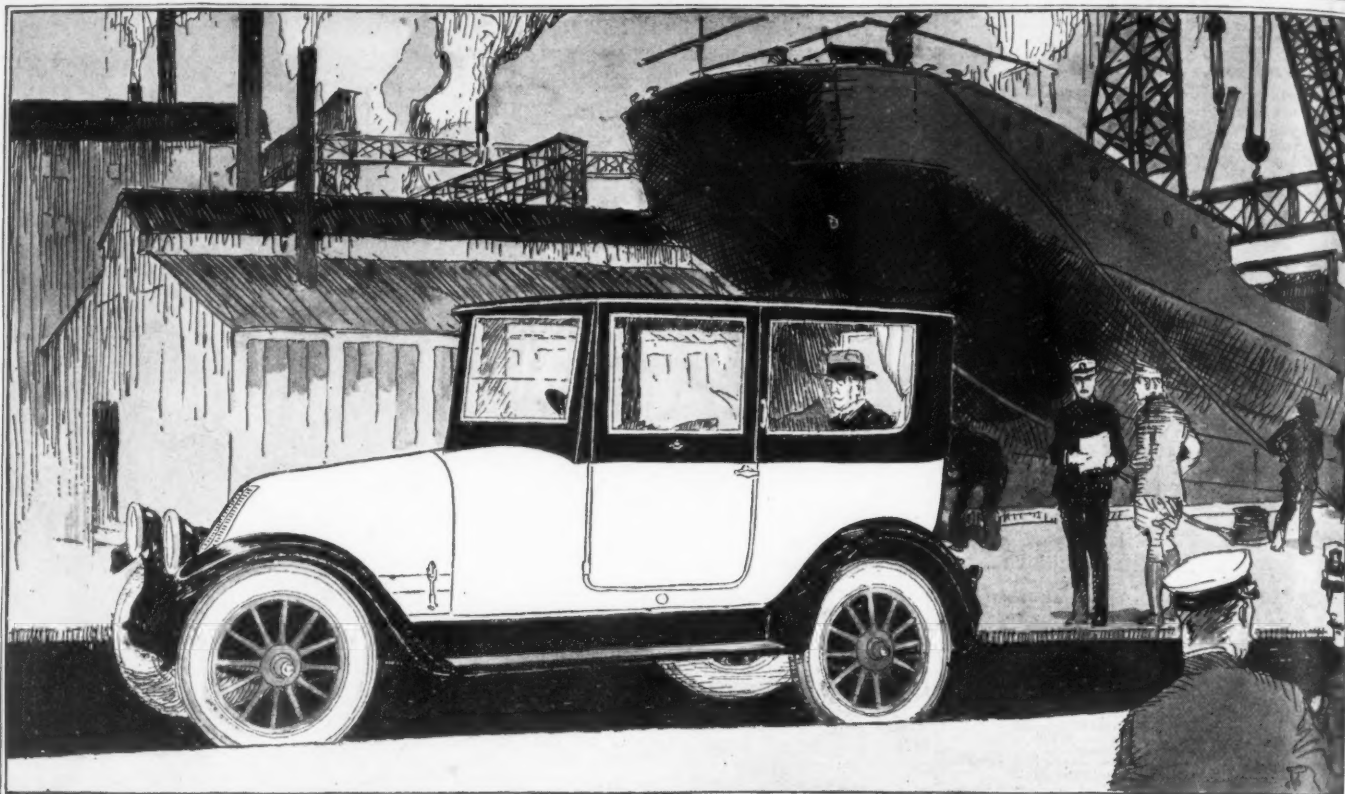


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THE FRANKLIN CAR

And the Present-Day Standard of Motor Car Service

Frequently special conditions give new significance to old facts. And *now* is the time when conditions give added importance to the long established economy facts of the Franklin Car—a steady day-by-day delivery of

*20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—
instead of the usual 10*

*10,000 miles to the set of tires—
instead of the usual 5,000*

For when the Nation is geared to tremendous effort, the aid of an efficient automobile can do much to bring about the vitally necessary economy of gasoline and tires.

The simple Franklin facts speak for themselves.

If all cars were as efficient as the Franklin, on the basis of its daily performance, the automobile owners of the country would save this year 400,000,000 gallons of gasoline and would cut their tire bills \$192,000,000.

For sixteen years the Franklin Car has delivered an economy consistently ahead of the times. Besides this performance in the hands of owners, it has won every prominent official economy test ever held.

Moreover, the Franklin depreciates 50% slower than the average car—an important fact today when conditions demand that motor cars give longer service than ever before.

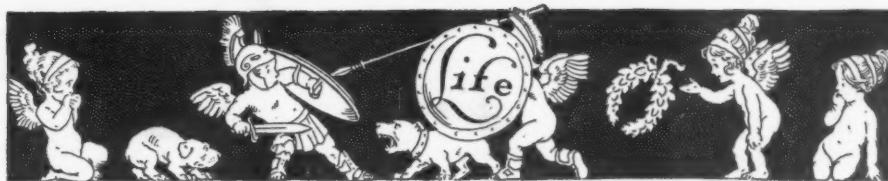
Its ability to render this remarkable economy and long life is due to engineering principles involving the simplicity of Direct Air Cooling, Light Weight and Resilient Construction, as opposed to water cooling, heavy weight and rigid construction.

The Franklin Car delivers a war-time motor-ing service simply because the Franklin Company has held true to the principle that the main object in owning an automobile is transportation, with the greatest comfort, safety and reliability—at the least expense.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

*Orders for Franklin Cars for post-war delivery will
be filled in the order of their receipt by our dealers.*

"You can tell a real patriot by the way he works—Full-time work by both employers and wage earners will win the war."—W. B. Wilson, U. S. Secretary of Labor.



Ifs and Buts

"If the Kaiser condescendingly de-
ceases,
It may only take a month or so to
win."

"If the Austrians and Magyars go to
pieces,
We'll be celebrating Christmas in
Berlin."

But the army doesn't play with hypo-
thetical disputes,
For there aren't any "ifs" about the
boys in khaki suits.

"Yes, the prospects for von Hinden-
burg are murky—
But the Germans still are bracing up
their line."

"Yes, it's pretty near Thanksgiving
Day for Turkey—
But it's still a heavy journey to the
Rhine."

Oh, the army doesn't worry if a door
or two is shut,
And the only "but" it uses is the
weighted rifle butt.

So the diplomats may hint of hopes and
chances;

But we know the goal is nearer, day
by day,

As the steady surge of bayonets ad-
vances,

As the bellow of the cannon clears
the way.

For, no matter what they'll call it when
they've totted up the score,

It is fighting, fighting, fighting that has
got to win the war.

Arthur Guiterman.



Benighted Yank (after a half hour's struggle with the language): WE'VE BEEN STUNG, BILL!
THAT AIN'T FRENCH THEY WAS LEARNIN' US BACK HOME AT ALL



IN A SPIRIT OF SELF-SACRIFICE MRS. VAN OODLES STORES ALL OF HER JEWELRY EXCEPT WHAT IS, ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL.

How I Learned to Forget



QUITE recently I made the discovery that I was beginning to remember everything. No matter what happened to me, and in spite of everything I could do, it lingered in my memory, and I simply could not get it out of my mind. I grew from bad to worse. All the conversations which I held with half-baked people, who did not know what they were talking about, were just as fresh the following week as on the day they were delivered. I remembered all the jokes in the newspapers, all the notes coming due, all the Liberty Bond instalments and the plots of all the stories I read. To my horror I discovered I was even remembering the moving pictures I saw.

One day, however, I became acquainted with your new system, "How to Forget Everything," and in a few days I was a new man. In a short time I found myself happy and contented, gaining constantly in health and tranquillity. Now I can read of the banalities of Congress in the morning and forget all about them before evening. I can read a financial statement of how much the war is costing us without its making the slightest impression on my mind. Every morning is a new day for me, because yesterday with all its happenings has been forgotten. Thank God for your system. If you charge me twice as much I should consider it cheap.

P. S.—I will try to remember to send you the last two instalments due, but in case you do not hear from me again I am sure that you will understand.

WAR CORRESPONDENT: Did the Boches advance with any enthusiasm?"

CAPTAIN ALLYSON: Did they? You should have seen them after they had been captured and were headed for the prison pen!



FALL FASHIONS

Germania: I WONDER HOW I WOULD LOOK IN THIS LIBERTY CAP

When Our Lads Come Home

WE have sent two million men to Europe.

A great majority of them, we hope, will come back some time.

And then what?

We do not know when they will come back. Not very soon, we suppose. To get all of them home will take many months merely for transportation. Some calculators say it will take three or four years, but that seems like stretching the estimate. It will be several years, perhaps, before all our soldiers are out of Europe, but the day when the tide will turn and the armies that have been floated over in such a wonderful way will begin to flow back, does not seem just now so very remote.

Anyhow, our millions will come back presently, and all the authorities assure us that they will not be the same men by a good deal who went over. They will be men who have been subjected to several years of intensive education; who have been lifted out of whatever environment they were used to and put into the thick of events and operations as momentous as any recorded in history. They will have seen much that was entirely novel to them, endured much, done a vast deal. If there is any



"HURRAH! A LETTER FOR US!"

capacity in them for observation and reflection they will have had ample chance to use it. They will have learned what discipline is and the need of it to accomplish great matters; they will have learned obedience, and many of them will have developed leadership. They will have had impressive lessons in co-operation. They will have seen efficiency at work, and doubtless also inefficiency. Many of them, by looking death in the face for days together, will have come to new appreciation of the meaning and end of life and of human destiny. And some of them will have got religion.

They will come home—most of them, we trust—and will take hold again here where they can, and go on living and working here for upwards of half a century. Most of them are young men, and they will not at once assume control at home and run the country, but, take them by and large, they are our best, and in due time, or sooner, they will have their innings as managers of affairs, and what they are learning in Europe and the characters they are forming there will affect the policies of government, the acts of legislatures and the development generally of our affairs.

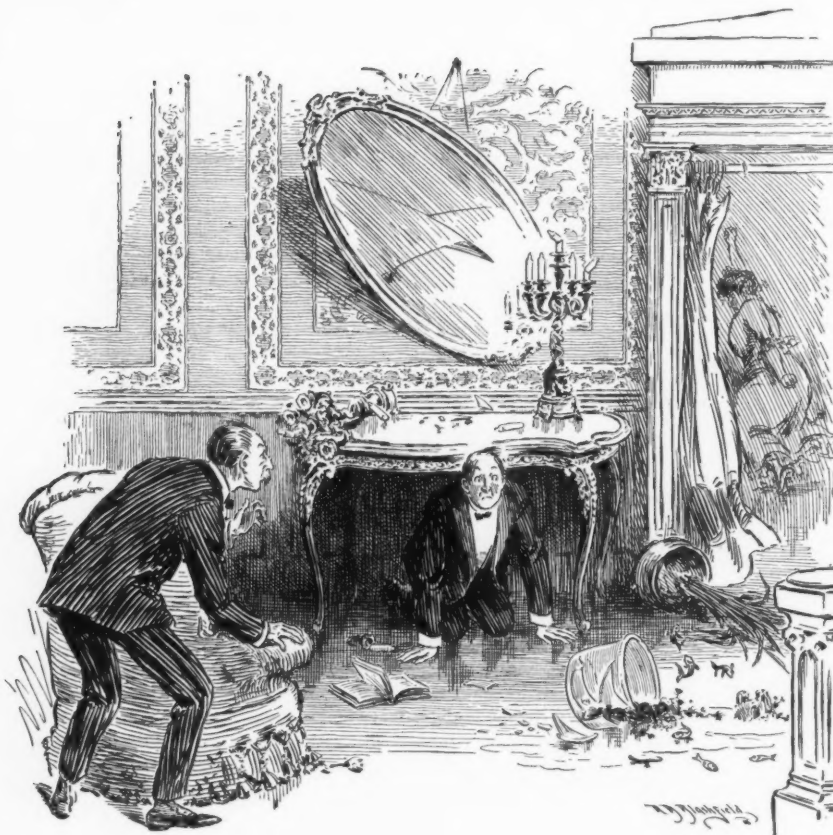
So here is a new education, a new development of character, coming to us in a great mass; the greatest and most important of all the examples of quantity production the war has given us.

We who have stayed at home have by no means escaped education by the war. We too have borne discipline, and shown the virtues of obedience, and some of us have developed leadership, especially women. But we have not changed our sky. We have not been lifted out of the mountain districts of the South, or the Middle West, or "the Coast," and dropped into France, to fight between Tommies and poilus. We have had our habits and our ease disturbed, and our money extracted from us, and have been run over by "drives," and had our thoughts and our reading limited to one subject, but we have not been deprived of our prejudices nor completely torn away from our habits of life.

These our soldiers from overseas—what will they be like? What messages will they bring us? What will they know that we don't know? What will they say to prohibition, after observing the way of the French with red wine, and experimenting with it? What view, if any, will they take of woman-



"OH, RUN AWAY, JAMES! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I'M CRYING. WAIT UNTIL YOU'VE LIVED AND SUFFERED."



"I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOUR WIFE WAS VERY EVEN TEMPERED."
 "I DID. SHE'S ALWAYS THIS WAY."

suffrage? Whom will they want for President, and will they get him?

We shall not find out these things all at once, but beginning soon and going on for twenty, thirty, fifty years, the results of our gigantic experiment in national education by travel and war will crop out in our laws and deportment. The world, all agree, is to be changed. So are these States, which are finally acknowledged, and admit themselves, to be part of the world.

E. S. M.

In a Washington Drawing-Room

HE: Are you enjoying the capital this season?

SHE: Moderately so.

"I quite understand. I don't suppose our Washington society will ever be as perfect as what one has in Virginia."

"No. There are always sure to be New Yorkers here."

The New and Improved Kitchen

"There was no partisanship in any meetings of the committee. It was all patriotism."

THIS statement made by Mr. Claude Kitchen, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, in his speech before the House on the new war revenue measure, has, no doubt, already been read with a sense of relief by many of those who have hitherto held the innocent belief that the new bill was tainted with politics and sectionalism. It is good to know now that Mr. Kitchen, with his new patriotism, has been regenerated from the views entertained by him in January, 1917, when he said:

"The greater part of these taxes will be levied north of Mason and Dixon's line."

Also that if the people taxed didn't like it "they can get rid of it by moving down to my town of Scotland Neck, N. C."

Call it Macadoo!

From door to door William G. McAdoo trudged in the rain yesterday, selling Liberty Bonds. He and others of a canvassing committee obtained one million eight hundred thousand dollars in subscriptions.

—Washington dispatch, Oct. 7, 1918.

A GREAT man is William Gibbs; the greatest doer in all the land. He may never be President: we think he is much too active for that office. But there is no really good reason why the continent now known as America should not be renamed after him.

Americus Vesputius had no real claim on this continent. He merely came this way after the road had been broken. Call it Macadoo, and call us people not Americans any more, but Macadoers. That will get us off from being called Usonians, as is the awful wish of Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin.

Public Apology as a Science

THE necessity for a Public Apology Bureau is at least open to our careful consideration as a people. At present high officials who make mistakes offer their explanations and apologies in a purely unscientific spirit, and, if we may be permitted to say so, in a hit or miss style, not compatible with our dignity as a nation of more or less free people. A standard should be set in this important matter. Mr. Creel's experience might fit him for this function.

THREE things you cannot change: Your own temperament, another's and events.



PRINCE CHARMING



IN 1930

IF WE SHOULD HAVE A NEGOTIATED PEACE TO-DAY

To LIFE'S Readers

LIFE begs the indulgence of its readers for any departure from its usual high mechanical excellence that they may notice. In cheerful and patriotic compliance with the war orders of the Government, we are obliged to use materials giving results not up to our standard.

We feel sure that our patriotic readers will bear with LIFE until it is permitted to return to its former condition of pulchritude.

How to Catch a German Spy

GERMAN spies are said to be masquerading as waiters in the high-priced restaurants. To unmask them, follow these few simple rules:

When you have selected your table, observe whether or not your waiter puts in an appearance within a reasonable time. If he does, this fact alone should make you deeply suspicious. No genuine waiter does such a thing.

Should your servitor now vanish for twenty minutes before bringing the menu, consider his former efficiency as



Maiden Lady (with seasick deck neighbor): MY! HOW DELIGHTFULLY ROMANTIC! TO THINK I SHOULD RECEIVE THIS ATTENTION FROM A TOTAL STRANGER!



HOW THEY MAKE BAD LITTLE GERMANS BEHAVE

"DER AMERICANERS 'LL GET YOU, IF YOU DOND'T WATCH OUDT!"

an oversight. Accidents will happen. To make sure of your man, try to catch his eye during the meal. The real thing always absconds or stands at the remotest point of the dining-room, carefully looking away until hunger forces you to send for him.

As a final test, give the suspect a tip of exactly ten per cent. of your bill. If by any chance he utters an audible "Thank you," have the impostor arrested. No further proof is necessary.

Query

WHO is the most modest man in the United States?

For the best answer to this question the following prizes will be awarded:

First prize: One potato.

Second prize: One pint of pea coal.

Among so many candidates to this supreme honor the task of selection will be found extremely difficult. It would seem that the first blue ribbon should go to Mr. Baker. But then there are Mr. Hearst, Mr. Munsey and Colonel Roosevelt. The theatrical profession also offers a vast field. True modesty should not be confounded with the quality of taking oneself seriously. Mr. Hearst, for example, does not take himself seriously, and yet nobody would contend that he isn't modest.



"SAY, BERT! WHY DON'T YE GO AN' GIVE THEM BOCHE PRISONERS A LITTLE MUSIC? IT'D SERVE THE BEASTS RIGHT"

Love Triumphant

THE beautiful girl who had recently taken a job as stenographer in an office where the force had been sadly cut down by the war and who toiled all day over an extensive business correspondence, was waited upon in the evening by a middle-aged gentleman who had fallen in love with her.



THE ONLY WAY TO "BRING IT HOME" TO THEM

"Will you let me kiss you?" he said.

"I have your favor of even date and will reply later," she responded dreamily.

"But, my darling, I cannot wait," he expostulated; "time presses."

"I take the liberty of calling your attention to the great dearth of labor, and trust you will not place your order elsewhere until—"

"Excuse me, dear, but one kiss."

"As you are doubtless aware, the shortage of raw material has placed us at great inconvenience—"

The middle-aged gentleman waited to hear no more. He sprang towards her and, clasping her firmly in his arms, which, though exempt from military service, were still able to hold on to a good thing, kissed her passionately. And then she murmured, "May I not express to you my warm appreciation of your devotion. Trusting to hear from you again, I am, cordially and sincerely yours—"

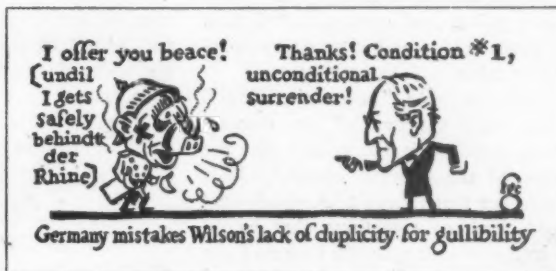
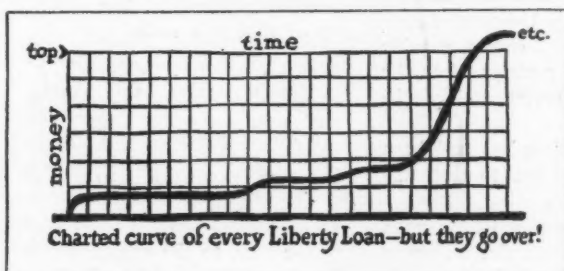
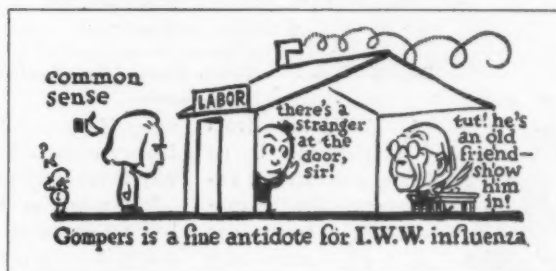
Some Change

TAWNLEY (in a Milwaukee café, 1925): That waiter you call "Hohen" looks familiar.

YARDLEY: Probably you saw his picture in the papers; it used to appear quite often a few years ago. Then he was called the "Crown Prince."



Davy Jones: H'M! I'LL HAVE TO GET ANOTHER LOCKER





OCTOBER 31, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 72
No. 1879Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANYA. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

A NEW note from Germany is no longer a matter for excitement. On the contrary, one reads the headline and then looks at the map on the next page to see how much of Belgium has been re-Belgianized since yesterday. A new note came on October 21st. It was very peace-seeking, but a little tiresome. It is evident that it would save the German speakers much embarrassment to have the Ally forces slam right through and gobble up Berlin. Then there would not have to be more notes, contrived with such severe pains, and communicated with so much trouble and expense by wireless or cable.

This new note "hopes the United States will approve of no demand which would be irreconcilable with the honor of the German people." It is a safe bet that it won't. Anybody that could think of something that would be irreconcilable with the honor of the German people as the war has disclosed and illustrated it, is an ingenious character, and can get a job to invent examination papers.

The note further says that the suggestion to let the military men arrange the details of evacuation and an armistice is a good idea. Also that Germany is arranging, as fast as possible, for a new constitutional government, responsible to the voters. The German supposition seems to be that Foch and Ludendorff shall dicker, but that, of course, is not the notion of the Allies, who prefer, and expect, to see Foch demand and Ludendorff comply. And as for democratic government in Ger-

many, if progress towards it is so satisfactory under Allied military pressure, why check it by peace proceedings?

The note also said that the Germans had not destroyed more than was necessary in retreat, and hadn't looted, nor shelled surviving boats and swimmers from vessels sunk by U-boats. Leave such stories to neutral courts, it said; which may be done perhaps when the accused are under arrest, and can be hanged if convicted.

And the note said orders had been sent to the U-boats not to sink any more passenger ships.

Altogether, it was a sad little note, and it must have pained Mr. Wilson to read it, but, as he so well knows, the way of the transgressor gets mighty rocky towards the end.



ON October 19th, Mr. Wilson found himself obliged to send word to Austria that he could not negotiate now with her on the basis of his January 8th speech, because proceedings had advanced so much since the first of the year that some suggestions in that address were out of date, so far as they affected Austria. Autonomous development, for example, wouldn't satisfy the Jugo-Slavs and Czecho-Slovacs, who proposed to fetch loose from Austria-Hungary altogether, and set up hyphenated governments of their own.

No doubt there would be notes from Turkey too, but happily, or unhappily, we are not at war with Turkey. We

forget why not, but Mr. Wilson or Mr. Lansing knows. Perhaps we abstained as a precaution against having Constantinople wished on us, when the pie is cut.

But let us be thankful there are no notes from Turkey. Notes are dull and mostly futile. It is manners to answer them, but they are tricks of diplomacy, and God grant that in the settlement of this big war, no old-fashioned diplomats will be allowed to cut in. In time past they have managed to blight all the best results of all the wars, British statesmen, no less than others. Men die by hundreds of thousands for liberty and loot and peace, and as a rule the diplomats have been able to fix up the finish so that the survivors got none of them. The first principle of old-fashioned statesmanship was to sew up a sponge in the wound, so as to make sure of another operation presently. We don't want any of that this time.



THE Fourth Liberty Loan is out of the way, to the immense relief of all communities, and Mr. McAdoo has got his money and something over, and we are now invited to subscribe to the alleviation of the activities which the big loans finance.

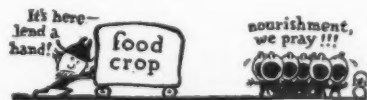
Step forward now, gentlemen and ladies, and replenish the treasuries of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and Young Woman's ditto, the Knights of Columbus, a Hebrew war relief society, the Salvation army and some others, all endorsed by the government as worthy and indispensable. They ask for a hundred and seventy millions, and are said to need eighty millions more than that. Here's hoping that they will get it, and, no doubt, they will. The sums mentioned were considered formidable no longer than two years ago, but the processes of extracting money from people have been developed to such miraculous perfection, that rows of figures no longer dismay. They are dealt with mathematically, assigned, distributed and vanquished.

Whether money can still be derived from people after they have ceased to have funds or credit, we do not know,



"JOHN, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT NAVY OF YOURS, WHERE WOULD WE BE NOW?"

but with eight billion dollars to be collected in taxes in a few months, we are in the way to find out. Probably it can. It keeps on being produced, and though you may run ahead of production at times, production keeps chasing after you, and if you give it a chance it catches up.



FOOD also catches up if you give it a chance and keep on raising it. It has been fairly abundant hereabouts for some months. It has been dear, but most people have had the money to buy it. We have had a good deal of wheat flour since harvest, and we have

had some sugar, and a good deal of fish and some meat, and of vegetables there have been plenty. Now the hotels and restaurants have been ordered by the Federal Food Board to observe certain details of moderation in supplying their customers, and we must all help them out in obedience, because in war or in peace, but especially in peace, there are going to be huge demands on our food supply, and we must make it go as far as possible. To the Allies alone we have engaged, it seems, to send 17,500,000 tons of food during the next twelve-month, and the Allies are relatively the best fed people in Europe. Turkey, both in Europe and Asia, is half-starved or more; Austria, by all accounts, is not much better off, and appetite in Russia and all Southeastern

Europe and Southwestern Asia has far outrun provision. Wherever the war has reached there is hunger, and wherever there is hunger eyes seem to turn to the United States. Just now, while war is still on, it is a toss-up whether the greatest man in the world is Marshal Foch or President Wilson, but evidently the day after peace comes the greatest man will be Hoover.



OUR own domestic politics is trying to crowd in between notes and battles and influenza, and is having a fairly hard time. In the middle pages of the newspapers one learns that elections will be held as usual and that candidates are running and trying to exhibit their claims to the voters. The race for governor in the State of New York is as interesting as anything of its class, though the governorship of New York seems to have come to be a second-rate job. Tammany has been able to prevent first-class men from getting the nomination when the Democrats have had a chance to win, and it is some time since the Republicans have put up anyone of a size to scare the Democratic nominators. New York Democrats deserve to be beaten steadily until they emerge from the Tammany blight, but the price of that is sometimes too high. The New York Republicans are not saints, and the only club available to correct them with is the Democratic organization, Tammany and all.

The choice now impending between Whitman and Al. Smith is, to independents, a choice between the ills they know and some they have not tried yet. Enthusiasm for Whitman is very moderate. Hopes of improved administration from Smith have a good deal of basis. He is a Tammany man, but his best backers insist that he would never be a Tammany tool. He says himself he would not be a Tammany governor.

It is really an expert job to choose between the records of Smith and Whitman, and not one voter in a hundred thousand has the necessary knowledge to do it. Neither candidate is especially illustrious; neither is bad.







RASTUS FORGOT IT WAS HALLOWE'EN

F.T. RICHARDS



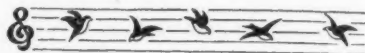
A Rarely Quiet Week



WE'VE said it once, and we've said it twice, and what we say three times must come true. There's a lot of balderdash about New York's pretended love for what is known as grand opera. This doesn't mean that there's any question whatever about the sincerity of its worship of the opera season at the Metropolitan, with its accompaniment of society vogue, the diamond horseshoe, high-salaried singers touted into greatness by the daily newspapers and all the paraphernalia that go with the most highly artificial form of stage entertainment. There are enough New Yorkers who ape Continental culture and enough American bushwhackers who ape New York to insure the financial security of the opera season as a social institution. But take the lyric drama on its own merits and



it has pretty hard sledding anywhere in America outside of the Metropolitan. There are many thousands of silent witnesses to this fact in the many thousands of dollars that have been sunk in other big American cities to make opera something like a permanent institution. It lives temporarily under endowment by local wealth, and competes sometimes successfully with the county fair for an annual hurrah, but, as said before, grand opera is not for the American palate except when served with rich and disguising sauces à la *Metropolitaine*.



IF New York really cared for opera, even in its lighter forms, it would give better support to such a sincere effort as that of the Society of American Singers in its season at the Park Theatre. The experiment has not been a failure, but if one-tenth of the pretended opera lovers who over-crowd the Metropolitan cared for the lyric drama for itself, they would flock to the support of this undertaking at the Park and make it a permanent institution in its particular field. But no—opera

is not opera anywhere but at the Metropolitan, and anywhere else it must be endured and superciliously patronized, not enjoyed and praised, even by the few who have the courage to listen to opera outside of a fashionable setting.

All of which, even if true, will not in the slightest degree interfere with the self-satisfaction of the Americans who think they are pinning medals of culture and social distinction on themselves by being seen at the Metropolitan, when they would have more real enjoyment in listening to a jazz band.



SOME of the stolid young persons who think they are acting when they over-make-up their faces and in more or less correct costumes speak the lines allotted to them in contemporary plays might profit if they were not too important and self-satisfied to spend a little time studying the methods of the artists playing at M. Coquelin's French Theatre, formerly the Garrick. The members of the company are not the greatest of French actors, but they have been sufficiently schooled in the traditions of the French stage and they are under sufficiently intelligent management to give performances full of qualities that are lacking in even the best of American productions. These are the complete immersion of the actor in his rôle, the power of complete expression, and the finish and vivacity which give value to the smallest details. The intelligent American actor who avails himself of this opportunity to observe other methods may recognize his inability to acquire the French temperament, which is the basis of French art, but he will also find an incentive to improve his



Sailor (in high wind): AHOO, MATE! YOU'D BETTER TAKE A REEF IN YOUR CANVAS IF YOU DON'T WANT IT CARRIED AWAY!

own methods and perhaps find hints of ways to do it. An occasional hour so employed might be professionally more valuable than the same time spent in the beauty parlor or devoted to the study of Kelly pool.

The American playgoer who knows French will enjoy the performances of the French company, as will also the American who can find some better way of familiarizing himself with the plots than reading the wretched synopses printed in the theatre's programmes.

NOT since the days when parental compulsion made the Sunday-school library the pallid substitute for the vivid joys of "Old Sleuth" and "Hawkshaw" has the goody-goody

plot been encountered in such intensity as in "A Stitch in Time." In this drama, with Irene Fenwick as the incarnation of goodness, evil holds its sway over virtue for a time, only to be eventually unmasked and held up to the scorn of all concerned. Simultaneously virtue is rewarded with a happy marriage, and presumably they lived happily ever afterwards, unless they were smothered in their own stupidity.

As the Cinderella heroine who downs the wicked rival and rescues the fairy prince from her clutches, Irene Fenwick is so saccharinely sweet that one wishes one might have her always alongside in these one-lump-to-the-cup days. Mr. Ralph Kellard as the saved hero is also too utterly too, and the whole pure atmosphere of a "A Stitch in Time" indicates that it should be taken on the Chautauqua circuit instead of being exposed to the subway perils of wicked New York.

Metcalfe.

Confidential Guide

Astor.—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "Keep Her Smiling," by Mr. J. H. Booth. Certain aspects of business life turned into well acted light comedy.

Belasco.—"Daddies," by Mr. John L. Hobbie. The humanizing influence of the French war orphan exerted on the American bachelor with amusing results.

Belmont.—Closed.

Bijou.—"Sleeping Partners," by Sacha Guitry, with Mr. H. B. Warner. Naughty but clever French comedy, well done.

Booth.—"Be Calm, Camilla," by Clare Kirmner. Notice later.

Broadhurst.—"Ladies First," by Messrs. Sloane and Smith, with Nora Bayes. Notice later.

Casino.—"Sinbad." Large-size girl-and-music show moved down from the Winter Garden to delight the mid-Broadway t. b. m.

Central.—"Forever After," by Mr. Owen Davis, with Miss Alice Brady. An attractive star in a sentimental drama reminiscent of the 10-20-30 days.

Century.—"Freedom," by Messrs. Hind, Swete and O'Neill. Notice later.

Cohan.—"Head Over Heels," by Messrs. Woolf and Kern, with Mitzi head-lined. Amusing and tuneful operetta with ample opportunities for the soubrette star.

Cohan and Harris.—"Three Faces East," by Mr. A. P. Kelly. Spy play with a continuing mystery.

Comedy.—"An Ideal Husband," by Oscar Wilde. The wit of the late Victorian days in London still interesting.

Cort.—"Fiddlers Three," by Messrs. Duncan and Johnstone. Comic operetta, unusually tuneful and well done.

Eltzinger.—"Under Orders," by Mr. Berte Thomas, with Effie Shannon and Mr. Shelley Hull. An absorbing and well acted war play with only two in the cast.

Empire.—"The Saving Grace," by Mr. Haddon Chambers, with Mr. Cyril Maude. Fairly amusing and well staged English parlor comedy.

Forty-fourth Street.—Closed. **Forty-eighth Street.**—Closed.

French.—Repertory of French plays by imported company. See above.

Fulton.—"A Stitch in Time," by Bailey and Meaney. See above.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Character comedy of the West and especially the Reno divorce colony. Laughable and well acted.

Greenwich Village.—"The Better 'Ole," by Messrs. Bairnsfeather and Eliot. Notice later.

Harris.—"The Riddle: Woman" with Mme. Kalich. Notice later.

Henry Miller's.—"Perkins," by Mr. Douglas Murray. Notice later.

Hippodrome.—"Everything." The usual spectacle and ballet with vaudeville features.

Hudson.—"Friendly Enemies," by Messrs. Shipman and Hoffman, with Messrs. Mann and Bernard. Partly amusing, partly pathetic comedy based on the present predicament of the American born in Germany.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. D. W. Griffith's movie drama, "Hearts of the World." Movie plot with impressive war pictures.

Longacre.—"Nothing but Lies" with Mr. William Collier. The ever-amusing star in a business comedy fitted to his abilities.

Lyric.—"The Unknown Purple," by Messrs. West and Moore. Ingenious crime melodrama with novel effects.

Manhattan.—"The Auctioneer" with Mr. David Warfield. Notice later.

Marine Elliott's.—"Tea for Three," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Remarkably witty American polite comedy.

Park.—Repertory of opera comique by the Society of American Singers. Creditable presentations of the lighter musical classics.

Plymouth.—Tolstoi's "Redemption" with Mr. John Barrymore. Russian drama, well staged and with the star in a very strong impersonation of a degenerate character.

Republic.—"Where Poppies Bloom" with Marjorie Rambeau. Combination in a war play of the spy motive and the eternal French domestic triangle.

Selwyn.—"Information, Please," by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin, with the former as the star. Light comedy, amusing and well done, with the action split between London and New York.

Shubert.—"Sometime," by Young and Friml. Girl-and-music show of the usual type.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Not With My Money," by Mr. Edward Clark. Notice later.

Vanderbilt.—"The Matinée Hero," by Messrs. Dittrichstein and Thomas, with the former in the title rôle. Diverting presentation of some of the domestic problems in the life of an actor.

Winter Garden.—"Passing Show of 1918." Elaborate girl-and-music show successfully devised to preserve the t. b. m. from ennui.



"MY! Y' OUGHTA HEAR TH' BOSS GIVIN' TH' MISSUS H—L.
IT'D DO YER SOUL GOOD!"

FREE LIST SUSPENDED





"SAY, MISTER, HOW MUCH WILL IT COST TO SEND THIS BOX TO FRANCE?"

Brother Cram's New Deal

BRO. RALPH ADAMS CRAM adheres to his theory, published four years before the war, that things mundane go by five-hundred-year periods, and that we are getting to the end of the one that began with the fall of Constantinople in 1453. Since considerably before the war, Bro. Cram has preached the coming of an immense turn-over in human affairs, and a fresh start for civilization, and a rebirth of ancient pieties and ideals that made the world beautiful, sporty and pleasant in the thirteenth century. The going seems quite good for Bro. Cram's theories nowadays. With Constantinople on the brink, apparently, of giving the world another date, his expectations increase in interest.

To Berlin

Get Your Ticket on These Roads

Via The Liberty Loan Loyal Blue Line	Lightning express
Via U. S. Army	Safe train
Via Hoover Food Saving Line	Pullman and dining cars
Via Red Cross	Fast train
Via War Work	Express
Via Shipbuilding	People's line
Via War Saving Stamps	Unlimited
Via Y. M. C. A. Work	
Via Coal Mining and Saving	Special
Via Farmers	Parlor cars
Via Platinum Melting Pot	

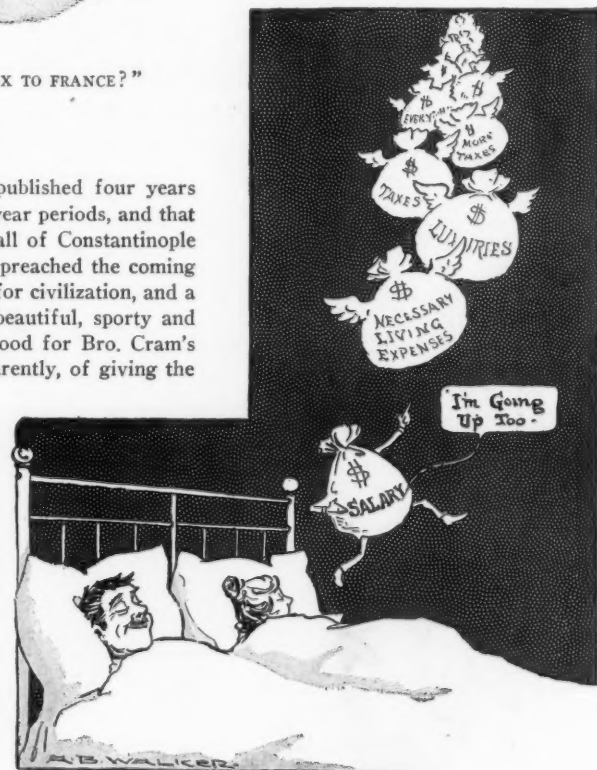
A Counsel of Perfection

AN official statement received from Vienna a few days after Austria's peace note, and published in the New York Times, contains this admirable passage: "Only if discussed under conditions free from the influences of passion, can the peace question make that progress which is in the best interests of humanity."

It is, and it has long been, a matter of regret to the Central Powers that the Allied nations should let their "angry passions rise" after the fashion discountenanced by Dr. Watts. Austria and Germany are content to let by-gones be by-gones. Austria is ready to forget the wrongs of Serbia. Germany is ready to forget the wrongs of France and Belgium. Why cannot these aggrieved nations be rational enough to bury the past, stifle their sense of annoyance and cultivate a wholesome spirit of goodwill?

That Serbia should remember with passion her devastated country, her stripped and desolate farms, her sons and daughters who perished of want,

(Continued on page 650)



BUT—IT WAS ONLY A DREAM

Litany

REMEMBER not, O Lord, our past offenses, our lack of preparation, our former ignoble neutrality, neither take Thou vengeance upon us for our love of luxury and our wastefulness. Spare Thy people to be one of a legion of nations to make the world safe for democracy.

Spare us, good Lord, from pacifists and pro-Germans, from Sinn Feiners and Clan-na-Gaelists, from half-baked journalists and hysterical congressmen.

Good Lord, deliver us from those who outwardly preach patriotism and inwardly seek their own selfish aims; from ease of living, from vanity of locality and from all laziness.

Good Lord, deliver us from weak-kneed newspapers. From special privileges, from financiers, profiteers and Kitchiniers, good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of our tribulation, in the hour of seeming victory, from overconfidence, peace offers and from all false sentiment about the Huns, good Lord, deliver us. We Americans do beg You to hear us, that we may pursue Kultur to death; that we may string up the Kaiser to a tall tree; that



IT BEGAN IN AN ARGUMENT AS TO WHOSE BROTHER WILL BE IN BERLIN FIRST

we may avenge the Belgians, the murdered fishermen of the sea, Edith Cavell and the victims of the Lusitania; and that it may please Thee to preserve for us the fruits of the earth forevermore. Amen.

American

"I HAVE an idea those soldier boys of ours are going to deeply resent it if we praise them too much."
"They know us too well for that."



THE HALL OF SHAME

Returning to Their Homes



GERMAINE SULLY, BABY 3259

THE rapid advance of the Allies has restored to France many villages from which the inhabitants fled at the approach of the Hun. Some of LIFE's babies were among the refugees, and there are many other French orphans whose mothers are taking them back to what once were their homes. The need of help in these cases is urgent, and the Society in Paris may be trusted to see to it that these little ones shall be among the first to be helped, so far as the funds allow.

We are filled with hopes of peace to come soon, but, no matter how soon it comes, for a long time there will be little French children who need help, and the need will be most pressing during the days of readjustment. So it will be seen that, even with victory at hand, it is yet too soon to relax our efforts.

LIFE has received, in all, \$264,487.01, from which there have been remitted to Paris 1,463,708.75 francs.

We gratefully acknowledge from

"George Lathrop Pack," Lakewood, N. J., for Baby No. 3231. \$73
 Mrs. E. M. Benson, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 3233. 73
 "A gift from a friend," Richmond, Va., for Baby No. 3234. 73
 Arthur H. Morse, Cincinnati, Ohio, for Baby No. 3235. 73
 Lieut. and Mrs. Paul R. Seabury, Elizabeth, N. J., for 'aby No. 3236. 73
 Mrs. R. A. Holden, Cincinnati, Ohio, for Baby No. 3237. 73
 Miss Margaret Bliss, Dobbs Ferry, New York, for Baby No. 3238. 73

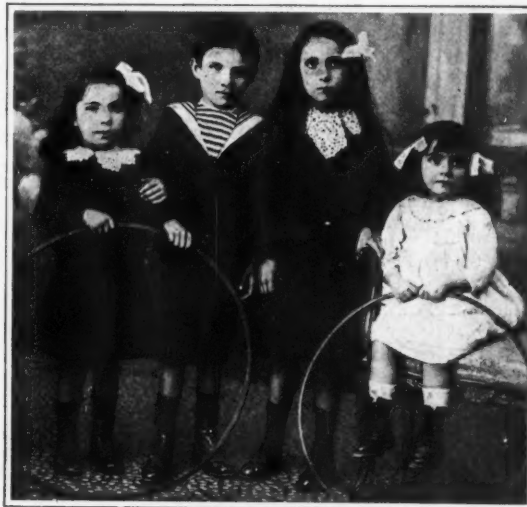


PEACE
TRAP



"WATCH YOUR STEP"

Doctor Jane Greeley, Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 3239... 73
 The Rotary Club of Sharon, Pa., for Babies Nos. 3240 to 3247, inclusive 584
 Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Kennedy, Seattle, Wash., for Baby No. 3251 73
 Mrs. George Stidger, Denver, Colo., for Baby No. 3252.... 73
 Harry Handler, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 3253..... 73
 Marjorie F. Wagner, Warsaw, Ind., for Baby No. 3254..... 73
 Mrs. Adaline L. Lincoln, Boston, Mass., for Baby No. 3255. 73
 "In memory of a true friend, Margaret Esther Root," Brattleboro, Vt., for Baby No. 3256..... 73
 W. N. Wise, Penn Yan, New York, for Baby No. 3257..... 73
 Lieut. Wm. Strack, American Engineers, Russian Railway Service Corps, Harbin, Manchuria, for Baby No. 3259... 73
 The Third Contingent, American Engineers, Russian Railway Service Corps, Harbin, Manchuria, for Baby No. 3260... 73
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 "Dudley, Mass." for Baby No. 3264..... 73
 Mrs. Henry C. Merwin, Weld, Maine, for Baby No. 3266... 73
 Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Shoemaker, Asbestos, P. Q., Canada, for Baby No. 3267..... 73
 M. S. Kelley, Harrisburg, Pa., for Babies Nos. 3268 and 3269. 146
 Miss Barbara Blake, Concord, N. H., for Baby No. 3270..... 73
 "In memory of E. D. C." for Baby No. 3272..... 73
 Mrs. John McHugh and Miss Dorothy McHugh, New York City, for Babies Nos. 3273 and 3274..... 146
 Bessie B. Hathaway, Cleveland, Ohio, for Baby No. 3275... 73
 Major C. M. Winter, American Engineers' Corps, Harbin, Manchuria, through Mrs. L. B. Fisher, Fond du Lac, Wis., for Babies Nos. 3277 and 3278..... 146



THE AGUILLO CHILDREN WITH REINE, BABY 2818

RENEWALS: "E. F. E." Noroton, Conn., \$73; Harold C. Keith, Campello, Mass., \$73; Edith M. Chase, Waterbury, Conn., \$73; William Walter Wilcox, Middletown, Conn., \$73; Anna R. Stranahan, Brookline, Mass., \$73; Mrs. Eliot Spalding, Endicott, N. Y., \$146; Mrs. S. W. Patterson, Vivian, W. Va., \$73; Capt. and Mrs. Beverly F. Brown, Front Royal, Va., \$73; L. B. S., Waltham, \$73; F. J. Cobbs, Portland, Ore., \$73; The ladies of Mildura, Victoria, Australia, through Mrs. W. B. Chaffey, \$188; George F. Craig, Philadelphia, Pa., \$73; Ina K. Pitner, Los Angeles, Cal., \$50; Jean and Nancy Stirling, Mechanicville, N. Y., \$73; Frank H. Moss, Philadelphia, Pa., \$73; Miss Kittie Porter, Lawrence, L. I., \$73; Bessie Parker Dunn, Houston, Texas, \$73.

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: The Presbyterian Junior Aid Society and The Upton Patriotic Workers of Centre Moriches, N. Y., \$48; "Twelve Western Girls," Portland, Ore., \$14; Mrs. C. G. Parlin, Mobile, Ala., \$10; Louise Ruffin, Tarrytown, N. Y., \$12; A. F. C., Pittsburgh, Pa., \$10; C. E. Pierce, Joliet, Mont., \$5; Marjory M. Struble, Detroit, Mich., \$3.25; Mrs. J. W. Moore, Ahsokie, N. C., \$10; English Class of Weatherwax High School, Aberdeen, Wash., through Miss Primrose Rupp, \$20; M. L. Hugh, Clarksville, Tenn., \$3; "Medard," \$25; The Misses Helen J. Barker and Rachael S. Barker, Natick, Mass., \$4; R. B. Wallace, New York City, \$6; Miss Mary S. Bullard, Boston, Mass., \$10; Faith Hunter Dodge, Oakland, Cal., and Mrs. May Hartranft, San Francisco, Cal., \$67; Mr. and Mrs. A. Keeney Clarke, New York City, \$10; Chaplain and Mrs. Clyde V. Sparling, Camp Hancock, Ga., \$40; Clara Goodwin, Brookline, Mass., \$3; "The Lendahand Club," Yonkers, N. Y., \$3; Albert and Mabel Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., \$10; "G. M. F., Buffalo, N. Y., \$6; "In memory of Dorothy Lord," New York City,



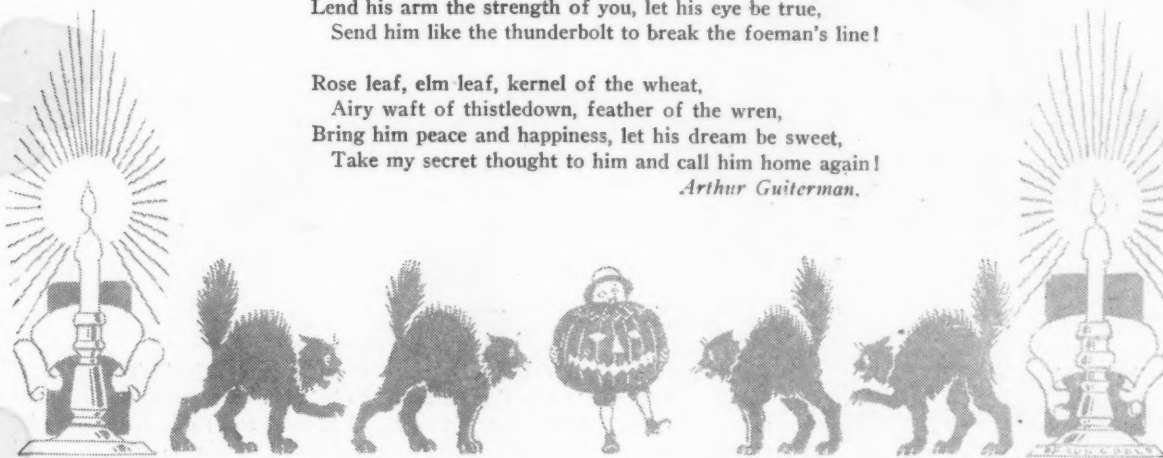
Hallowe'en Charm

FERN seed, hemp seed, water of the well,
Bark of wizard hazel-wand, berry of the bay,
Let the fairy gifts of you mingle with the spell,
Guard the precious life and soul of him that's far away!

Oak slip, thorn slip, crystal of the dew,
Morsel of his native earth, shoot of mountain pine,
Lend his arm the strength of you, let his eye be true,
Send him like the thunderbolt to break the foeman's line!

Rose leaf, elm leaf, kernel of the wheat,
Airy waft of thistledown, feather of the wren,
Bring him peace and happiness, let his dream be sweet,
Take my secret thought to him and call him home again!

Arthur Guiterman.



\$25; Louise Henderson, Washington, D. C., \$2; The girls in Room 52, War and Navy Building, Enlisted Division Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C., \$25; Troop 3, Greenwich Boy Scouts of America, Sound Beach, Conn., \$5.

BABY NUMBER 3217

Already acknowledged	\$24.42
Mrs. Cecil A. Lyon, Colorado Springs, Colo.	10
J. H. Folger, Mount Airy, North Carolina	15
Monitor Sunday School, Monitor, Alta., Canada	5-75
Mrs. W. S. Goos, Lake Charles, La.	10
Frances A. Wilkinson, Sacramento, Cal.	5
Emily E. Whitmore, Woodmont, Conn.	2.83

BABY NUMBER 3279

Emily E. Whitmore, Woodmont, Conn.	\$7.17
Mrs. Agnes Cornelia Shoens, New York City	22
	\$29.17

THE CHRISTMAS FUND OF 1918

It isn't in us to reproach LIFE's generous readers for the slow growth of the Christmas Fund. They have responded so splendidly to the call of the French babies that no blame could attach to them if they never did another thing. Just the same, they must hurry up if they want every one of the orphaned kiddies to have a dollar's worth of Christmas joy, the dollar first having gone into the pockets of a wounded French soldier and a French woman impoverished by the war, for their work on toys and useful garments.

From the following figures it will be seen that the aver-

age provided for each of the 3,300 children is a little over twenty-five cents. Our readers must hurry up if they want to make it a dollar. LIFE has received from

C. B. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.	\$20
"Sybil Santa Claus," New York City	5
Lieutenant John Fleck and Henry S. Fleck, Newark, Ohio	10
"Elizabeth D. Watson-Rochester"	2
Mrs. Cecil A. Lyon, Colorado Springs, Colo.	5
J. H. Folger, Mount Airy, North Carolina	5
Thomas C. Patterson, Vivian, W. Va.	5
Marjorie F. Wagner, Warsaw, Ind.	2
W. N. Wise, Penn Yan, New York	1
Miss Faith Hunter Dodge, Oakland, Cal.	1
"Dudley, Mass."	10
"In memory of E. D. C.P."	2
Miss L. Coote, Fresno, Cal.	5
Helen Orford, Schenectady, N. Y.	2
"A Friend," New York City	1
Mrs. Elizabeth Pontefract, Shields, Pa.	20
Jeanette J. Christmas, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.	5
A. M. Longenecker, Ann Arbor, Mich.	1
Mrs. Agnes Cornelia Shoens, New York City	25
Already acknowledged	633.88
	\$760.88

Hard to Find

CRAWFORD: Why don't you go to the place where I was last winter? Fine climate, and no malaria or mosquitoes.

CRABSHAW: My boy, I'm looking for a place where there are no jazz bands or sex plays or problem novels.



THE FOREIGN-LANGUAGE PRESS

Winning the War in Reduced Garments



YOU can see through LIFE pretty well these days; something hitherto more or less difficult, even to the most captious critic. Two pictures, printed on opposite sides of the same page, have a way of mingling with each other when exposed to the light of day, which is truly shocking, especially when those pictures have been toiled over by conscientious artists and process plate makers with the sublime sense of their duty to the public. But it is always well to be in the prevailing fashion.

Perhaps the Hun will be able to see through us better when he realizes that these economies in paper weight are cheerfully endured and that the soul of Democracy, stripped of its material coverings, still goes marching on.

LIFE modestly commends its own example to that horde of paper wasters, in Congress and out, who like nothing better than to exploit their

feeble utterances on reams of paper that are daily and hourly thrown into waste-baskets all over the country, only to be later reclaimed, with immense labor, by the salvage stations of the Red Cross. And to the Bureau of Public Information we present also our shivering but high-minded commiseration.

All Aboard for St. Sophia

WHEN the Turks quit Constantinople who will get St. Sophia?

If Mr. Wilson has a say, the Presbyterians will have a representative at the allotment.

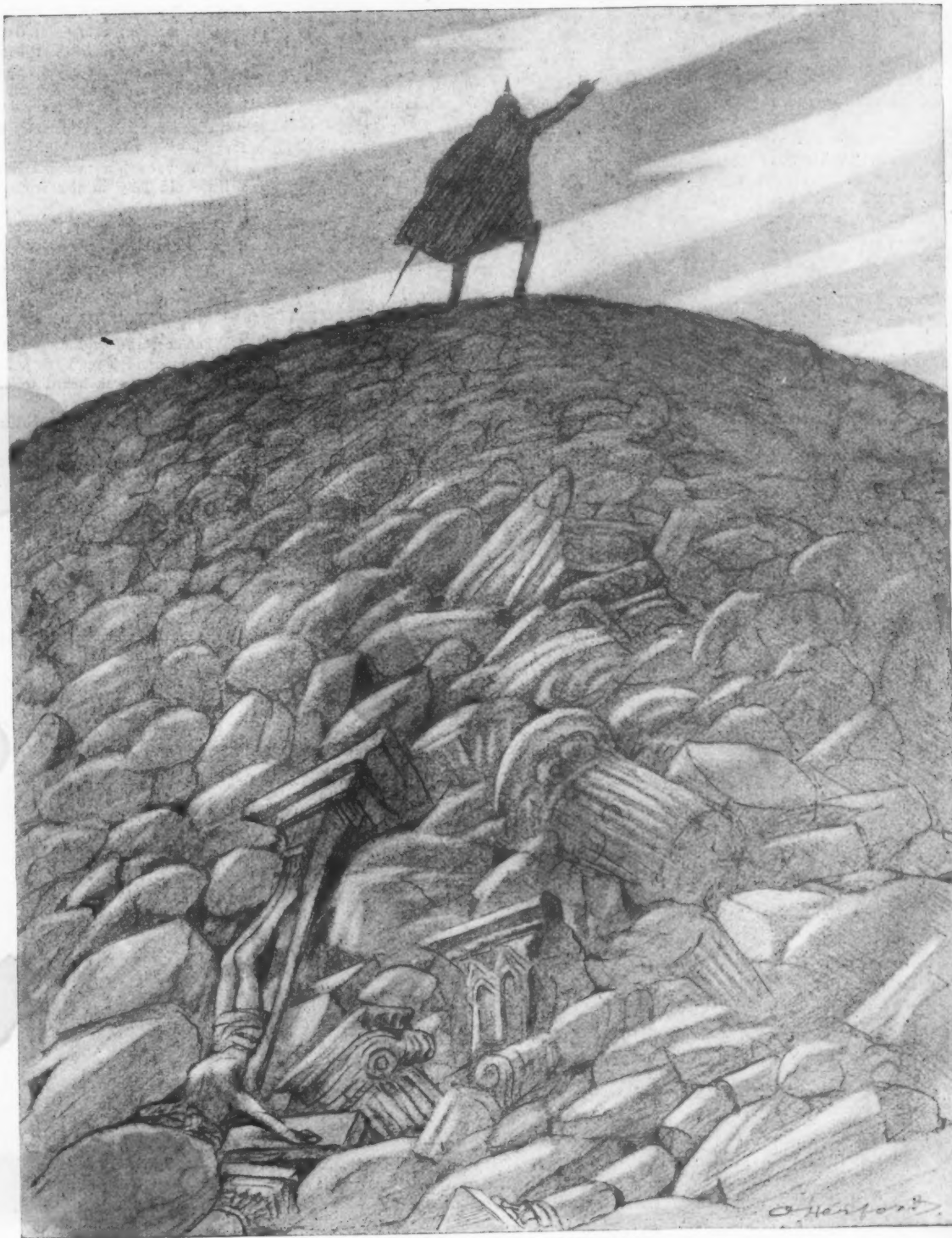
The Greek Church will want it, of course. It is conceivable that to let the Greek Church have it would peeve the Roman Church, but that might not seem to everybody an objection. The Greek Church, with headquarters in St. Sophia, would be a large-type reminder to the world that the ecclesiastical supremacy of Rome has been disputed since the earliest times, and that the discussion is still on.

But why let St. Sophia go to any

organization? Wouldn't it be possible to hold it as a common property of all Christians, and so held, wouldn't it be a good example to a world which seems just now to be developing large views, and to think coldly of dynastic, ecclesiastical and corporate exclusiveness?



Jimpson: THERE! THIS SETTLES IT! I'M THROUGH OBSERVING BEEFLESS DAYS!



"I HAVE LEFT NO STONE UNTURNED, FOR PEACE"
—Kaiser to Krupp workmen



Poor Flour

"I want to complain about that flour you sent me last week," said little Mrs. Newbride of Vedado with snapping eyes to H. A. McAndrew of the American Grocery the other day.

"That is as good flour as comes to Cuba," protested McAndrew. "What was the matter with it?"

"It was so tough," sobbed Mrs. Newbride, "that my husband couldn't eat a single one of the biscuits I made out of it."—*Times of Cuba.*

Economy

"Paper is getting scarcer," exclaimed Doctor Dumkopf.

"Have you any suggestions?" inquired the Berlin official.

"Yes. In making agreements, we should write our agreements with a slate pencil. We could clean off the slate as much as we like without wastefulness."

—*Washington Star.*



"SWIM FOR YOUR LIVES, GIRLS! HERE COMES A DEPTH BOMB!"

A Long Felt Want

The get-on-with-the-war enthusiast was warming to his subject. He had described the death of hundreds of women and children in Belgium with gruesome details, the treatment of British prisoners with more gruesome details, the sinking of the Lusitania with still more gruesome details, and as he saw the strained look of the audience he went on vehemently:

"There are some spectacles one never forgets—"

As he paused a moment impressively a little old lady in the front rose and chirped:

"Oh, do please tell me where I can get a pair. I'm always forgetting mine."

—*New York Globe.*

Those Feathers

When certain soldiers from the antipodes were in New York a little while ago, a woman was heard to say to another:

"There goes one of them Australians."

"How do you know?"

"You can tell by the kangaroo feathers in his hat."—*Boston Transcript.*

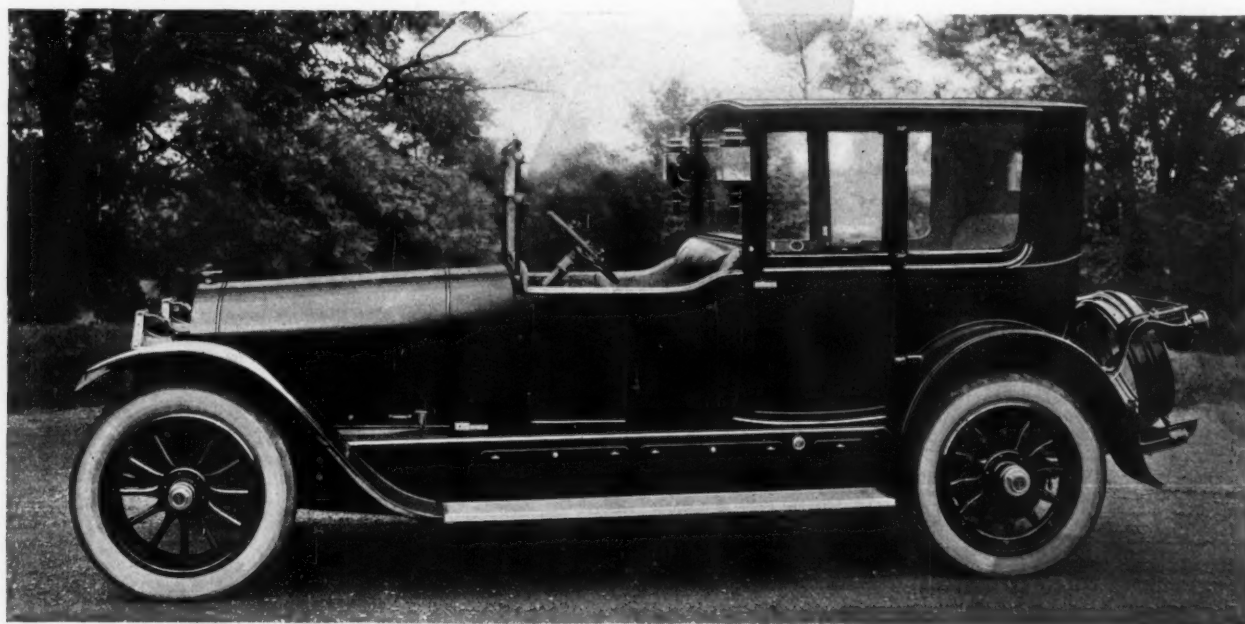
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A Town Car Custom Built Model, seating two or four passengers inside as desired.

Custom designs copyrighted by The Locomobile Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

How the Birds Came

An Indian Legend

ALL Summer long the forest trees
Had raised their leaves for dew
and breeze;

But colder grew the Autumn sun
And, slowly fading, one by one
The leaves came drifting down the air;
Till soon the boughs would all be bare.

What sadness comes with fall of leaf!
The great trees bent their heads in grief
And writhed their knotted arms to call
In prayer on Him who made them all:
"O Gitche Manitou above,
Shall all be lost of these we love?"

In thunder roll and lightning flame
The Mighty Spirit's answer came:
"Behold, my forest, tempest-tossed,
How all may change, yet naught be
lost!"
And, while they heard the Master's words
The drifting leaves were changed to
Birds!

The leaves of willow fluttered down
As Finches, tawny, green and brown;
The red and russet leaves of oak
Became the Thrush and Robin folk;
The golden beech-leaves learned to fly
As Yellow-birds athwart the sky;
While all the maple-leaves that turned
In changing hues that glowed and burned
Took wing across the wooded knolls
As Tanagers and Orioles!

So, every year when laughing Spring
Dissolves the snows, on eager wing
The Birds of forest, hill and glen
Return to know their trees again—
To build their nests, to peer and stir
Among the leaves of which they were;
And from the boughs where once they
grew
They sing to Gitche Manitou.

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THE BOY WHO PEGGED SHOES
IS SHOWN ABOVE DEPOSITING
THE WHOLE OF HIS FIRST
MONTH'S EARNINGS IN
THE BANK.

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HABIT OF SAVING EARLY IN
LIFE. TODAY, HE IS PRESI-
DENT OF THE PEOPLES SAV-
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can buy. The retail prices are the same
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A German Officer's Idea of Heaven

SPENDING the morning dropping
pieces of stars over the edge of
Heaven upon London and Paris.

At midday a grand review of the
forces of Heaven (row after row of
cherubs and seraphs marching goose-
step).

During the afternoon unveiling of
statue to the Kaiser. (Many of the
German spectators find time during the
ceremonies to pick pearls from the
Pearly Gates.)

Evening concert of Wagnerian music
(on harps) the spectators drinking
ambrosia from beer mugs.



PROMENADE DES TOILETTES
LEST THEY FORGET

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Question of Judgment

Two negroes were discussing the possibilities of being drafted.

"'Tain't gwine do 'em any good to pick on me," said Lemuel sulkily. "Ah certainly ain't gwine do any fightin'. Ah ain't lost nothin' oveh in France. Ah ain't got any quarrel with a-n-y-body, and Uncle Sam kain't make me fight."

Jim pondered over this statement for a moment. "You right," he said at length. "Uncle Sam kain't make you fight. But he can take you where de fightin' is, and after that you kin use you' own judgment."

—Everybody's Magazine.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE for Soldiers and Sailors

The Plattsburg Camp Manual suggests the daily use of Foot-Ease in the Shoes.

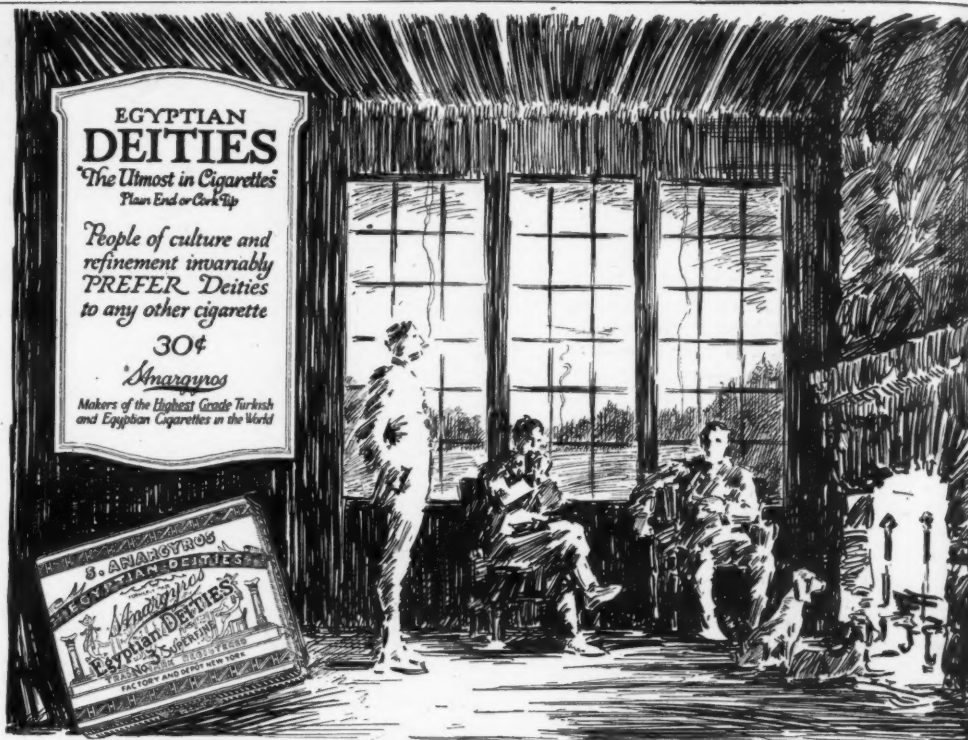
The Pace is Killing 'Em

Society note from the Topeka Capital: "The chocolate orgy planned by Topeka's fast set for Friday evening of this week has been postponed for a fortnight, in order that the members of the set may have a chance to recuperate. Ben Whitlad, who belongs, says the set has been having a party of some kind nearly every week, and everybody is about all in."—Kansas City Star.

Camouflage Department, B. C.

THE LITTLE GREEK: Daddy, what did you do in the Trojan War?

DADDY (proudly): My child, I painted the spots on the wooden horse.—Punch.



"I DON'T know where I'm going to sleep."

"Neither do I."

"But you have a flat."

"Yes; but it's on one of those streets where the automobiles don't quit until it's time for the milkmen to start."

—Washington Star.

OF course she loves you. But she'll love you more if you send her a year's subscription to LIFE as a Christmas present.

The Kaiser As I Know Him

By ARTHUR N. DAVIS

VIVID pen-pictures of the Great Enemy of Democracy in action, painted by a man who was for fifteen years the German Kaiser's personal dentist.

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The book throws blinding light upon the question of the Kaiser's responsibility for the war, upon his fore-knowledge of the destruction of the "Lusitania," upon the part attempted by the German government in the Presidential election of 1916, upon the Kaiser's own idea that "America shall pay the bills for this war"—upon the thousand and one vital questions to which Americans want the answer. 111 d. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$2.00.

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every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber and that could hardly be done on your old dome!

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WHY be jealous?

Suffering from jealousy is caused by the unconscious appreciation of the fact that we cannot keep something from going from us which we thought was ours. Jealousy is an acknowledgment of inferiority, a practical admission that we don't deserve what we think belongs to us—but doesn't.

Jealousy is like an imaginary bank account which we come to believe is



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real. When we attempt to draw out the money we find it isn't there.

When you are jealous you are miserable, not because you haven't got what you want, but because you never had it, and don't know it.

Unofficial American Communique, 1918

16 O'CLOCK: The battle continues with unabated fury at both the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Terminal Stations in New York City. After a violent struggle, during which the fighting was at times hand-to-hand, a detachment of single-filers was finally able to take the train. The baggage-room was stubbornly fought for, being

taken, lost and retaken. At the end of the day, it remained in the hands of the railway employees, who took some important booty.

21 O'CLOCK: The strategic retreat of the civilians continues. They are abandoning positions along Fifth Avenue, Broadway and Riverside Drive. They are retiring to positions prepared in advance at Palm Beach, Miami, St. Augustine and Atlantic City. Their morale is splendid and laudable. The Winter Garden continues to hold out with a small force of spectators. The pressure has diminished and is less violent in the Cabarets and in the Subways. No new raids are reported in Times Square, Chinatown, the Bowery or the Tenderloin.

Two things our Government recommends this war-year as to Christmas presents:—

(1) That useless, wasteful, knick-knack stuff not be given. (Give books all around. There are books for every age and need. They compliment the good taste of the receiver. They fill every requirement of a fitting Christmas present.)

(2) That buying begin early so as to avoid the concentrated strain that usually comes upon selling and transportation just before Christmas. (Our Fall books are already distributed. Nothing else is more easily bought than books and the sending of them conserves a maximum of coal- and man-power.)

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He is equally negligent concerning "The Marseillaise" and "God Save the King."

He doesn't read the newspapers or study the maps of Foch's advance, nor does he evince any interest in U-boat raids on the American coast. He is not concerned about "wheatless" and "meatless" days or the "save gasoline" edict.

Liberty Loans and War Savings Stamps alike are matters of indifference to him. His heart doesn't pulse one beat faster because America can build one hundred ships in one day.

Federal ownership of railroads and telegraph lines doesn't interest him a particle. The "work or fight" discussion, woman suffrage, the crop outlook, coal crises and market fluctuations do not cause a flicker of his eyelashes.

He is content to rest placidly in his mother's arms, where a good-natured stork placed him yesterday.

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A Counsel of Perfection

(Continued from page 638)

and her little children who lay dead by the roadsides, is unreasonable and un-Christian. Where's her submission to God's—and Austria's—will?

That Belgium, after four years of German rule, should still resent her blazing homes, her murdered civilians, her ravished women and her butchered babies, proves her total lack of understanding. Where's her gratitude for a brand-new university? Where's her piety, her philosophy, her appreciation of the *kultur* which has been dealt her with a generous hand?

That France should be consumed with wrath because of her ruined towns, her desecrated churches, her crumbling cathedrals, her deported girls, shamed in their helplessness; her felled orchards and her poisoned wells, is most discouraging of all. Germany has said again and again in the kindest manner that she bears no ill-will to France. The Kaiser has expressed his personal solicitude over the havoc wrought by war. What more could any unprejudiced people ask? What more could an invader say or do to atone for the inconveniences of invasion?

As for Great Britain and the row she has made over the sinking of her merchant ships, and the drowning of some thousands of her seamen, it shows the captiousness of an illiberal and an illogical race. The British sailors, common persons who do not come within the radius of the Hohenzollern vision, have taken it upon themselves to cherish their own grievances, and have sworn to punish—"punish"!—the murderers of their shipmates. If this sort of thing be tolerated, we shall have the African natives setting up claims to consideration, and saying they don't want to be given back to their divinely-appointed masters.

Last of all come the United States, whose withers are comparatively unwrung, but whose soldiers and civilians seem absurdly angry at the wrongs done to other people, at the terrible stories they have heard, and the terrible things they have seen. This is a mental attitude which no German can understand, and there is something poignant in his perplexity. In a world gone so mad that one man's injuries provoke another man's wrath, and one nation's anguish incites another nation's sympathies, there are left only Austria and Germany, and, perhaps, that gentle Judas, Bulgaria, to hold themselves "free from the influences of passion," for the sake of "the best interests of humanity."

Agnes Repplier.

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With Raymond Recouly (Captain X), just back from the American fighting front, you will watch our boys in battle.

Professor Paul Van Dyke, one of the directors of the University Union of Paris, will describe "College Men in Action."

Major E. Alexander Powell, the author of many war books, now in France, will carry you with him to the scenes of the greatest struggle.

Other soldiers and sailors fighting in the allied cause will take you to visit our men in service, guide you to the billets, dugouts, and trenches, and let you fly with our squadrons and scout with our destroyer patrols.

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Many notable men, whose words are of pleasure, interest, and importance, will write articles for our 1919 readers.

Honorable Thomas Nelson Page, Ambassador to Italy; Honorable Maurice Francis Egan, late Minister to Denmark; Meredith Nicholson; Doctor George Ellery Hale, chairman of the National Research Council, will contribute.

Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator from Massachusetts and Republican leader of the Senate, has written for us a notable article on peace terms and a charming literary essay on "Familiar Quotations."

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